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WINTER HAVENS

IN THE

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A COMPLETE HANDBOOK TO THE RIVIERA,

WITH A NOTICE OF

THE NEW STATION, ALASSIO.

BY

ROSA BAUGHAN,

AUTHOR OF

"*Indications of Character in Handwriting*," "*Cheap Northern Watering Places of France*," "*A Wasted Life*," "*Two Love Stories*," *&c., &c.*

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WINTER HAVENS.

INTRODUCTION.

AS, amongst a group of fair women, it often seems difficult to say which is fairest, so it is almost impossible to assign the palm of beauty to any one in particular of the many lovely towns which—sheltered by the Ligurian mountains, and washed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean—lie along the beautiful Riviera. Each has its own peculiar charm, and individual tastes and requirements can, alone, decide the wanderers in search of health as to the special winter haven in which they will choose to cast anchor. Monaco—with its appanage

Monte Carlo—surrounded by gardens beautiful as those of the fabled Hesperides, seems a perfect dream of beauty; but our allegiance wavers as Mentone rises before us in its sheltered bay, with a background of richly wooded hills standing out (as it did when we first saw it) in exquisite relief against an orange and gold sunset; then the almost Eastern beauty of the luxuriant growth of palms at Bordighera—the quaint picturesqueness of the old town at San Remo—the smiling loveliness of the golden sands and wood crowned hills of Alassio, and "last, but not least," the wondrous beauty of that city of palaces, "Genova la Superba," for one to admit that not one town in particular, but the whole Riviera, is "il vero Paradiso!"

There is a choice of two ways of seeing the Riviera—the line of railway or the beautiful "Strada della Cornice," and the old carriage road from Marseilles to Genoa, surpassed, perhaps, by no high road in Europe for sustained picturesqueness, winding along, as it does, between the majestic mountains on the one hand and the blue expanse of the Mediterranean on the other. The line of rail, it is true, follows the same direction, and sometimes, for a mile or so, the two routes run parallel, until some bold headland, advancing far into the sea, seems to bar the passage

of the modern monster, when, with a shriek, it disappears into the darkness of a tunnel; and, as these tunnels are very frequent, half the beauties of the road are lost to those travelling by rail; so that if time and expense are not of much consequence, the old fashioned mode of travelling is far pleasanter in the Riviera. As a rule, to go by carriage is rather more than double the expense of railway travelling by first class, and takes, of course, a great deal more time.

As regards the best mode of reaching the "earthly paradise" of the Riviera, we should advise travellers to take the "through tickets" issued at Charing Cross, *viâ* Folkestone and Boulogne, from London to Nice. The cost of these tickets, first class the whole way, is £8 (rather less if the intention be to stop at Cannes). People travelling by these tickets are allowed to break the journey at any of the stations at which the train stops. This, with invalids, is a necessity, and by doing so the journey itself becomes a pleasure, instead of a fatigue, to them. By fixing to go by an early train from London, so as to catch a midday boat at Folkestone, Paris is reached by eight at night. A rest at Paris, for at least one night, is very desirable, as the journey south is a long one. Some people take a *coupe lit* (which is supposed to have

all the comforts of a regular bedroom), and go straight through from Paris to Cannes, or Nice, or at any rate, to Marseilles; but this is a mistake, especially with an invalid, to whom (apart from the comfort of having a regular bed) the total rest from the noise and motion of the train for some hours is very desirable.

As the station by which the route is continued is at the other side of Paris from that by which the travellers arrive from Boulogne, it will be necessary to take the luggage to the hotel where they mean to stop the night. Dominichi's, 9, Rue Castiglione, is a nice quiet place, and not dear; the charge for rooms rather high up being ten francs a day, everything included. In all other cases of stopping for the night the luggage may safely be left at the station, it being only necessary to reclaim it and book it, as is done in such cases in England. The journey from Paris to Marseilles is better broken by remaining one night at Dijon, which is reached, by a train leaving Paris about eleven in the morning, somewhere about eight in the evening, or at Lyons, where it would arrive at ten at night. From either of these places to Marseilles, after a night's rest, is a pleasant journey. There are sufficient points of interest in the old town of Marseilles to admit of one, or perhaps two, days' rest before going on to

Cannes, the first of the many "ports and happy havens" for those flying from the rigours of an English winter, which we have undertaken in this little book to describe.

CHAPTER I.

CANNES.

THE first sight of this pleasant and beautiful English colony (for it is really now becoming almost that) is most delightful. Dotted about, in most picturesque positions on the wooded hills which surround it, are villas in every style of architecture—Byzantine, Gothic, and Italian—surrounded by forests of gardens. More of these villas are planted in the flowery meadows among the fertile valleys below; whilst at some distance from the shore, two islands—those of St. Marguerite and St. Honorat—seem, with their luxuriant vegetation of olives and cactuses, to be gardens floating on the azure sea. Cannes possesses a great number of hotels, almost all of which are fitted with every comfort and even luxury, and adapted to suit the tastes and meet the wants of all

nationalities. They are most of them well placed, and surrounded by beautiful gardens, looking to the sea; whilst for those to whom the air of the Mediterranean would be too exhilarating, there is the Hôtel Beau Site (route de Fregus), away from the sea, but in one of the loveliest "quartiers," and surrounded by a large and pleasant garden; this is a good family hotel. The Hôtel de Russie (boulevard du Cannet) is a very good one, but rather expensive. The prices for pension at the hotels vary from 12f. to 15f. a day for each person. For those who object to hotel life there are villas of all sizes, which are let for the season, the prices being from 2000f. to 30,000f.; but villa life is always, in the long run, more expensive than going to an hotel, unless the family should be very numerous and many children form part of it.

The promenade De la Plage de la Croisette passes before the Grand Hotel, and leads to the chapel of Notre-Dame-des-Pins, where a wide avenue, cut in the pine woods, permits carriages to return to Cannes by the other side of the town, whilst close to the chapel there is a very picturesque route for walkers, from which there are some charming points of view.

Les Vallergues and the fragrant valleys of Mount Fleuri

are also beautiful walks, and not too fatiguing for any but a great invalid.

The beach of La Bocca, on the other side of the town, and the Croix des Gardes, from which there are to be seen some of the loveliest views of the town, are most delightful walks, and within an easy distance of the principal hotels.

Of beautiful excursions, either by carriage, boat, or rail, there is an almost endless variety. The most interesting of all is that to the islands of St. Marguerite and St. Honorat. To reach these there are some charming little pleasure boats on the beach, which may be hired by the hour, or on certain days there are steamers to the isles, the return fare by which is only 2f.

At St. Honorat the points of attraction are the ruins of the ancient castle, the monastery of Les Perins, and the magnificent forest of pines, under the shades of which the *déjeûner* (provided by the hotel keepers) is generally disposed of before going on to visit the other isle, St. Marguerite, which is only a very short distance. The interest here is the Fort Royal, famous as having been for many years the living tomb of that most mysterious personage known as "the Man with the Iron Mask." He did not, however, die here. In September, 1698, the

prisoner was removed from Fort Royal to Paris, where he died, 1703, and was buried in the cemetery of St. Paul. He was described in the registry under the name of "Marchiali, age de 45 ans environ." (See Voltaire's "Siecle de Louis Quartorze.") The fortress has also another and more modern interest—it having been the place of imprisonment of Marshal Bazaine, who effected his escape from it 9th August, 1874, in a Genoese boat, which his wife had engaged for the purpose.

Vallauris, celebrated for its potteries, with designs after the antique Italian forms, and Grasse for its perfume distilleries, should both be visited. At Grasse there is the architectural curiosity of "Les Trois Eglises"—three churches built one above another, each with its separate entrance, but with only one steeple surmounting all three. Another architectural vagary is the house with seven doors in the Rue de la Deliverance; and a house, close to the parish church, which has two floors *above* and six *beneath* the ground floor, is another curiosity of the same order. The Hôtel de Ville at Grasse, with its curious old tower, and the ancient cathedral are both very interesting.

Flowers grow at Grasse in delicious profusion. On the road to it one passes whole fields of roses, which make

the air heavy with fragrance, and which seem to bloom all the year round; and there are, besides roses, myrtle, orange, almond, and peach trees in full bloom in the month of January. Later on, in February, the woods abound with violets, crimson and purple anemones, and a sort of jonquil, which is very lovely.

There is an omnibus which goes from Cannes to Grasse at three o'clock and comes back at nine in the evening, the return fare by which is 3f. each person. A private carriage, of course, costs somewhat more. A carriage with one horse and two places is 2f. the hour, with two horses and four places, 3f. the hour. Every driver is bound to deliver to his passengers, when they hire his carriage, a ticket with his name and the tariff of prices, and, should there be incivility or overcharge, a complaint may be made to the Inspecteur des Voitures, at his bureau, at the Kiosque des Allées.

The beautiful gardens, of Lord Murray's villa and those of the Duc de Vallambrosa, though not exactly open to the public, can be seen by asking permission, which is generally courteously accorded.

There are several English churches at Cannes and a Scotch Presbyterian church.

Cannes has a great variety of clubs, for many of which

strangers are eligible. The Circle Natique (president M. le Duc de Vallambrosa) is situated on the Boulevard of La Croisette. The start of the boats for the regatta takes place immediately in front of this club.

The old town of Cannes (which is picturesque enough) is encircled by the new, which extends along the beach as far as the tongue of land called La Croisette, and northwards over a fertile valley, where the villas stretch away for miles.

In the cemetery, which is on a hill, the tomb of Lord Brougham (the founder of the English colony at Cannes) attracts instant attention by the tall cross which surmounts it.

CHAPTER II.

NICE.

THE line from Cannes to Nice is very picturesque, but the first place of any importance passed is Antibes, where, as it has some pretension to being a "ville de saison," several pretty villas are to be seen coquettishly perched about on the hills, and there are some good shops and restaurants in the town. After leaving Antibes, the train stops again at a place called Vence, but only for a few minutes, which is disappointing, for there is (we were told) an old chateau there containing some beautiful frescoes, which are worth seeing. After leaving Vence the train crosses a little river called the Loup, the richly wooded banks of which remind one of some of the lovely sequestered nooks on the Thames; then the viaduct bridge of Var comes in sight, and, after crossing it, one

has a momentary glimpse of the villa and beautiful garden of Alphonse Karr (the French novelist), when, with a premonitory shriek, the train rushes into the station at Nice. Here, as at Cannes, the new part of the town surrounds the old—the ancient Nizza—the streets of which are all picturesquely grouped around a high rich-wooded cliff, called Le Chateau. One of the most beautiful of the modern additions to Nice is the long walk by the sea (bordered by palm trees and other exotics), called La Promenade des Anglais, which commences from the bridge over the mouth of the river Paillon, and extends to the valley of Magnan. This beautiful drive reminds one, in the season, of the Avenue des Champs Elysees at Paris, with the addition (and an exquisite one it is) of the wide expanse of the Mediterranean.

There is the same cosmopolitan aspect—Prussians, Americans, Germans, Italians, and, not least in numbers, English, moving along—a living kaleidoscope; the same *luxe effrene* of toilettes and carriages, and the same reckless gaiety.

Most people remain over the carnival, which is supposed to be better at Nice than elsewhere, except, of course, at Rome; and some even stay until the summer season, in May and June, for the sea baths, which are

taken in La Baie des Anges, but the real season for invalids at Nice is from October to April.

On one side of the bridge over the Paillon—the river which runs through Nice and adds much to its picturesqueness—is the Jardin des Phocéens, in which there is a very pretty fountain of Tritons, shaded by some magnificent palm trees; whilst on the other side of the bridge there are the Jardins Publiques, where there is music every day (except Mondays), and here, therefore, all the *élégantes* assemble with their suites of admirers, and, as carriages are not allowed to enter, a very near view of all the charming toilettes and of the still more charming wearers thereof may be had. For 10 centimes a chair may be hired, which can be placed where one pleases along the flower beds, where roses seem to be in perpetual bloom, and there, beneath the shade of the stately palms, you may sit for hours enjoying the sunshine, the fragrance of flowers, the sight of fair women, and the delicious strains of the music to the distant accompaniment of the constant plash of the waves of the Mediterranean.

That part of the banks of the Paillon which lies between Le Pont Neuf and the Square Massena (where there is a statue of the famous Marshal) is called Le quai

Jean Baptiste, which is a sort of bazaar, containing most charming and tempting shops full of objects of interest from all nations. The continuation of this street after one passes the square is called Le quai de Massena, and is a junction of all the principal streets of modern Nice, terminating in the beautiful Jardins Publiques, of which we have already spoken. The Grand Hôtel faces the Quai Massena, and L'Hôtel de France; another good house is in the Quai Massena, but of hotels at Nice, as at Cannes, there is a wide choice, the prices varying from 9f. to 15f. a day for pension. Some of the best hotels do not take people *en pension*, and at these the charges are very high. The Hôtel des Anglais, on the Promenade des Anglais, is one of these; but if the stay at Nice is only for a few days, this does not, of course, much matter; and then, for extreme comfort and excellent cuisine, we know of none better. Still, we feel bound to say that, though we were lodged very high up, our bills came to what would be on an average about 19f. a day for each person. The proprietor of L'Hôtel de la Mediterranée, also on the Promenade des Anglais, does make arrangements for pension, and here, we heard, people were made very comfortable for 11f. a day. There are also pensions where people are taken for 9f. a day; among these we

heard the Pension Lampioni, 8, Rue de France, mentioned by friends, who stayed six weeks there, as being very well managed, with a fair cuisine, and, at any rate, no stint in the quantity of food given.

Of pretty villas there is nearly the same abundance at Nice as at Cannes, and they extend, in the same way, on all sides far beyond the limits of Nice proper. In one way this increase is a disadvantage, for the lovely orange groves which, some years ago, were such a marked feature of Nice, are now enclosed in many parts by high walls, inside which the ground is to be let for more villas, indeed, it seemed to us that Nice is already somewhat overbuilt. The point from which the best idea of Nice, as a whole, is to be had is from the Château, which dominates the whole town, and to which the walk is very pleasant, and the woods and shady avenues around it are delightfully refreshing to the eye; but this is only one of the many beautiful walks about Nice. Of excursions there are, as at Cannes, a great and almost endless variety. To Les Sources du Raz is a pleasant drive of about half an hour, where, at the little village of Raz, one sees the springs which, bursting from the neighbouring heights, flow into the flower-bedecked little valleys beneath. At a short distance there is a very pretty

fountain, and above it some caverns, from which point a very good view of some parts of Nice is to be had. Somewhat farther on is the Fontaine du Temple, which should be visited on the same day, and where, in the spring time, there is a lovely growth of wild flowers of every sort.

Another pleasant expedition is to the Bois du Var, a lovely little wood situated on the banks of the river, from which it takes its name, and which is almost as much a place of "rendezvous" for the beau monde of Nice as the Bois de Boulogne is for the Parisians. Here, in the season, is held the steeplechase, which is an immense attraction. A road to the right of this racecourse leads on to the gardens and Le Chalet, a pretty little building with an artificial lake, where people stop to rest and chat with their friends and acquaintances who may have driven out on the same day.

The Vallée du Paillon is another place of excursion, to which there is an omnibus, which starts from the Boulevard du Pont Vieux, and takes two hours *en route*; the fare by this is 2½f. each way. The favourite excursion for a gay party of young people is, however, to the Mont Chauve, to the summit of which there are several fairly easy ascents; only it is necessary for this to engage a

guide, and still more so to take food, for there is no restaurant in those elevated parts. The fatigue of mounting is well repaid by the variety of the views obtained at certain points *en route*, and the air on the summit is quite delicious; but, *apropos* of this air, we must advise all climbers to provide themselves with warm wraps to throw on immediately they reach the platform on the top, to guard against the chilling effects of the difference of temperature. Another picnic can be made to the Vallon Obscur, a curious and interesting spot, where one walks for some time between two high rocky mountains, covered with moss and ferns, and from which the light from the narrow fissures above comes down, obscured by the vegetation growing on the summits. This valley, which is in some parts barely 2yds. wide, is about 400ft. long, but one emerges at last from its darkness into a lovely wood of olive trees, whence there is a vista of a grove of orange trees beyond, bending beneath their golden fruit in floods of sunshine.

The romantic Vallée de la Vesubie, richly wooded with magnificent chestnuts, is another pleasant excursion, where the ruins of an old château (called, by the way, Château Neuf) form a point of interest to be reached before the *déjeûner*.

As may be imagined in so cosmopolitan a place as Nice, there are churches of all denominations—Roman Catholic, Church of England, Presbyterian, American, Russian, and even Jewish. There are two good schools for boys, both kept by Englishmen, and a great variety of "pensions de demoiselles," both Protestant and Roman Catholic.

The language spoken at Nice by the lower classes is (like that of Cannes) a mixture of French and Genoese Italian, and the habit the people have of running one word into another renders it difficult to understand, even by good Italian scholars, until use renders it familiar; but for all the absolute exigencies of life French will do perfectly well, as all the waiters at the hotels and most of the shopkeepers in the town speak it fluently.

The women of Nice are very handsome, having, most of them, delicate features, with a graceful mobility of expression which adds to the charm of their large soft eyes and long sweeping eyelashes. They wear broad-leafed straw hats of a deep yellow tint, which set off the rich coils of their dark air to perfection. The people, both men and women, at Nice—and, indeed, all over the Riviera — are honest, hard working, and *more* than obliging in their manners; and they have a gentle and

graceful courtesy to strangers which is very charming, and quite in keeping with the delicious, sunshiny warmth of colouring of the atmosphere of beauty in which they live.

MONACO.

Chapter III.

MONACO.

On leaving Nice the train disappears under a tunnel, from which it emerges to cross the bridge over the Paillon, whence one has a farewell glimpse of Nice before it again disappears in the tunnel of Montalban, at the end whereof it stops at Villafranca—a great military station, dominated by the fort of Montalban, which gives it a picturesque appearance. From Villafranca to Monaco the route is exquisitely beautiful, despite the tantalising tunnels, which occur much too often to be pleasant.

Beaulieu (a lovely place, well deserving its name) will, we feel quite sure, soon be another ville de saison, for its fertile smiling aspect, its olive woods and lemon groves, must sooner or later draw the English to it as a resting place; as it is, it has several comfortable-looking

hotels, and there are a few pretty villas dotted about in well chosen sites, each surrounded by its garden and sheltered by groups of olive trees.

After passing the small station of Eze—a picturesque little village, perched on a mountain surrounded by pine forests—the attention of all travellers is arrested by a huge rock overhanging the line of railway; and it is just at this point that some years back a terrible accident happened—a large fragment of this rock fell on the train as it passed beneath, killing and wounding many persons. After passing this menacing rock there are no less than seven tunnels, but, as the train emerges from the last, Monaco—that pearl of beauty—appears.

The drive from the station into the town is most beautiful, passing by villas and gardens where magnificent pine trees stand out in dark contrast with the vivid green and gold of the orange trees, and where the flowering myrtle, the gum tree, and all the exotics grow in rich profusion. Those wishing to get to the town on foot have but to mount the steps leading to the Place du Palais, where, beneath a splendid avenue of trees, stand the cannons presented, we were told, by Louis XIV. to the then reigning Prince of Monaco.

The palace is a building on which each age seems to

have left its mark; the principal façade, with its old bastions and square towers, speaks of Moorish occupation, whilst a flight of marble steps (reminding one of that at Fontainbleau) leads up to a portico, also in marble, decorated with frescoes of the Renaissance period. On the opposite façade there are some friezes and panels exquisitely painted by Caravage.

In the terraced gardens of the palace the stately palms, the graceful pepper trees, with their bunches of crimson berries, aloes, myrtles, and geraniums, grown to the size of gigantic shrubs, vie with one another in beauty.

The old town of Monaco is small, but the villas and hotels which have sprung up in its suburbs—Condamine and Monte Carlo—have more than doubled its population. From the Place du Palais the *coup d'œil* is magnificent in its extension; one sees, bathed in sunlight, Italy on the one hand and the shores of France on the other, and sometimes (especially at early dawn) the grey mountains of Corsica are distinctly visible.

In the midst of gardens more beautiful than a poet's dream—where the wealth of vegetation is almost tropical—where spring seems perpetual and roses immortal, stands the casino of Monte Carlo, the great hunting grounds of the gambler! Where the casino now stands

was, some years ago, but a barren rock, but now around it have sprung up hotels, that seem palaces, magnificently decorated restaurants, and fine shops, where the *étalage* is as tempting as in those of the Palais Royal at Paris.

After having mounted the flight of white marble steps of the casino, and having entered the widely opened portals, the word "entrée" is seen written over a door, and, passing this, you are referred to another door, where you have but to show your card to obtain a ticket to the "Salle de jeu"—"Ogni medaglia ha il suo rovescio," and here, indeed, is the reverse of the coin, however beautiful the *entourage*. Monaco, with all its beauty, is not the place for an invalid in search of health to fix himself. It is a place to see "Ma guarda e passa." A day, or at most a few days, spent here are quite enough. It *is* paradise, but paradise with the *dramatis personæ* complete—Eve, as a temptress, and the serpent (in the shape of the gaming tables) are both there, and both atmost irresistibly seductive!

The beach at Monaco is of fine soft sand, and the Grand Hôtel des Bains, on the shore, with a magnificent view of the Mediterranean, is very comfortable and moderate in price, according to the scale of charges at Monaco, which is, we think, the dearest place on the

Riviera; 15f. a day is about the least one can live for; it is not at all a place for small incomes. There are some charming villas in the quartier of the Condamine, but, of the two, life at the most expensive hotels would come cheaper, and, if the stay is only to be of a few days, a villa would, of course, be out of the question.

The climate at Monaco is much the same as at Nice and Cannes; if anything, the temperature is somewhat higher, on account of its very sheltered position. There are perhaps fewer excursions to be made in the immediate vicinity of Monaco than from the other stations along the Riviera, but the place is so full of attractions in itself that this is perhaps hardly noticed.

There is the Tour de la Turbie, near the village de Turbie, which people go to see. This place is on the Cornice Road, above Monaco and Monte Carlo, and it may be reached by a winding ascent—a muleteers' path—which commences close to the station at Monaco. The tower is planted on the edge of a very picturesque rock, looking seaward, and near it is another very high cliff, called La testa di Cane, which most people manage to climb, as the view from it of the whole coast is something magnificent. At the entrance of the village of Turbie (where there are some interesting old houses) there is a

fountain, and also the ruins of a white marble trophy erected by the senate of Rome to the Emperor Augustus Cæsar.

Another pleasant excursion may be made to the little village of Roquebrun, which is worth visiting, from its curious position half way up a very high cliff, surrounded by a mass of citron groves.

MENTONE.

CHAPTER IV.

MENTONE.

THE journey from Monaco to Mentone, through groves of olive, lemon, and orange trees, is exquisitely lovely. After rounding Cape Martin, and passing below the romantically placed little village of Roquebrun (of which we have already spoken), the line of railway runs through richly-wooded country, above the Cornice Road, till it reaches Mentone, which is planted in a lovely bay, between the Cape St. Martin and the lofty rocks spanned by the boundary bridge of St. Louis, with a background of high mountains completely sheltering it from the north—hence the extreme beauty of its climate, which some think preferable even to that of Nice for lung complaints of an advanced description, as the air is milder and less exciting—at least, this is the opinion

of Dr. Bennet, who has established himself at Mentone in preference to all the other stations along the Riviera. To us the climate of Nice seemed, in its sunshiny brightness, to be unsurpassable, but as the mountains which shelter Mentone are higher than those around Nice, and as the vegetation is certainly more tropically luxuriant, it is possible that Dr. Bennet may be right in the superiority which he awards to Mentone over the other stations along the coast. Certain it is that the lemon tree, which requires an exceptionally mild climate, flourishes at Mentone, Bordighera, and San Remo better than it does at either Cannes or Nice. All the valleys and all along the shores of Mentone are covered by bowers of this lovely tree, which here attains to the growth of the orange trees at Nice, and gives out a fragrance which is, if anything, more delicious, while the fields of violets (which are regularly cultivated) make Mentone, at springtide, a perfect bouquet of sweetness.

The station is placed in one of the finest parts of the town, and a flight of steps descending from it leads on to a noble avenue, which terminates in the Jardins Publiques, which lie between the road and the blue expanse of the Mediterranean. Lower down are the "quartiers" of La Madone and Carnolès, where are the hotels and villas—

of both of which there are plenty—the prices being much the same as those we have cited for Nice. The Grand Hôtel Victoria is excessively comfortable, kept by M. Milandri; as also is the Grand Hôtel de Menton, conducted by a Monsieur Bertsch; this last stands high, with a garden between it and the sea, of which there is a fine view from the windows; so is there also from the Hôtel du Midi (Monsieur Bignon, proprietor), which is even closer to the sea. Among these three hotels there is really no choice—all are comfortable and well placed, and the tariff of prices much about the same, from 10f. to 15f. a day for pension, the price differing only as regards the size and position of rooms chosen. It is always necessary throughout Italy—and, indeed, anywhere abroad, if the stay is likely to be a lengthy one—to make an arrangement with the host as regards terms. If no agreement is made the Italian innkeeper is apt to think his new guests are "millionaires Anglais," and charge accordingly. There are several nice pensions at Mentone, where living is much cheaper—from 9f. to 10f. a day. Amongst these we heard the Pension des Orangers and the Pension Suisse highly recommended; but on this matter we do not speak from personal experience.

About a hundred yards farther than the Rue Victor

Emmanuel, a walk, called La Promenade St. Louis, leads out on to the Cornice Road, which, after a steep ascent, reaches the Pont St. Louis, a beautifully picturesque bridge of one arch, which spans the high rocks at this point, and is the boundary between France and Italy. The ravine which this bridge crosses is deep but narrow; the mountains are really very little apart, and, looking down from it, one sees the waters of the torrent falling impetuously into the bed of the ravine below the second bridge, over which the line of railway passes. It is a picturesque and interesting spot, being the frontier of two countries; on one side of a stone may be read the inscription, "France," and on the other "Italia," and the sentinels of each country might (if it were permitted) shake hands without quitting their native land.

La Promenade du Midi begins near the Hôtel du Midi, of which we have spoken, passes the gardens of the Hôtel Victoria, and terminates at a bridge called Le Pont de l'Union. There is, we believe, a project of continuing it as far along the coast as Le Cap Martin, which is to the people of Mentone much what the Bois de Vincennes is to the Parisians. Visitors sometimes go from Mentone to the woods of Le Cap Martin by boat, which, when the sea is calm, is a delightful

expedition; but Le Cap St. Martin may also be reached driving, or a very pleasant party is sometimes made by going on donkeys. The donkeys at Mentone are not at all despicable animals—they are large, well fed, and step out remarkably well; the saddles, too, are roomy and comfortable. The charge for a donkey and a driver for the whole day is only 5f.; where a large party is going an arrangement can be made for several mounts and one driver at about 4f. each for the whole day.

Facing the "Places d'Armes," there is the beautiful villa of the mayor of Mentone, surrounded by well-kept grounds, where flowers bloom in fairy-like profusion. Another avenue, bordered by oleanders, leads up to the Palace Carnolès, which was the residence, in 1872, of the Prince of Metternich, but now belongs to a brother of General Savarese. Continuing along this road by the walls of the Palais Carnolis, one comes upon a deep ravine, crossed by a picturesque-looking bridge, which is the boundary between the commune of Mentone and that of Roquebrun. The road Castellare begins at the street of that name, and leads on, developing itself into a romantic hill-path, till it reaches, three miles distance, the picturesque village of Castellare, which, like most of the Italian hamlets, seems to be hanging on to a hill-

side. Donkeys are the only mode of travelling in this direction, as the extreme steepness of the path during the two last miles of the ascent renders walking far too laborious to be pleasant. Towering far above the lemon groves which embower the Villas de Garavan, is the mountain called Le Berceau, because its two high barren peaks take somewhat the form of a gigantic cradle. This rugged hill, almost devoid of verdure, except for a few solitary groups here and there of dark pine trees, has a wild and melancholy beauty, especially at sunset, which is in strange contrast with the smiling loveliness of the other places surrounding Mentone, where vegetation is almost tropical in its profusion.

The Vallée de Borrigo, leading to the village of Gorbio, is a very pleasant excursion, and one for which donkeys are particularly serviceable, as the carriage road along the left bank of the torrent ends in a muleteers' path, where the donkeys are quite at home. This romantic road is prettier than most mountain paths, as it does not lie, as is often the case, between two high stone walls, but goes through olive woods and under vine trellises till it reaches a perfect bower of chestnut trees, where one comes suddenly upon the little village of Gorbio. Another mountain has then to be climbed, and after that the

wonderful rocks of St. Agnes appear in all their majestic beauty. It takes an hour and a half, or perhaps rather more, to get to St. Agnes from Mentone, and the ascent is fatiguing, but is quite worth the trouble.

Another favourite expedition from Mentone is to Le Sanctuaire de Notre Dame de l'Annonciade, which is reached by a road called Le Sentier de l'Annonciade, leading off from the avenue de Carei; this is a long but very picturesque and pleasant path, amid groves of lemon and orange trees, to the first shelf of the high mountain on which the sanctuary is placed. The route becomes rather stony and precipitous after this, but at the end of about half an hour's climbing, the sanctuary comes in sight, magnificently placed on the topmost point of the richly wooded mountain, which is about 725ft. high, and from which the view on all sides is exquisitely lovely. The deep silence is broken only by the distant murmur of the sea, or perhaps—but this rare—by the note of some bird in the copses below; it is a place which gives one the idea of intense repose.

Carriages at Mentone are cheap and comfortable. A large carriage, with two horses and four places, may be had to go to and return from Le Cap St. Martin, remaining there half an hour, for 10f.; there is the same

tariff for a drive to Roquebrun or to Monti, a picturesque little hamlet which everyone goes to see. There are also several omnibuses, which run from one part of the town to the other, the fare being 50 centimes.

There is both an English and Presbyterian church at Mentone, the latter on the Quai de Garavan, and the former near to the Jardins Publiques.

The people of Mentone are honest, civil, and industrious, especially the women, who always—throughout Italy—have seemed to us to do the hardest work. They carry heavy weights on their heads with an easy grace which constantly excited our admiration. Often, on the lonely mountain paths, we came suddenly upon a troop of lithe, dark-haired girls, carrying on their heads large baskets laden with the golden fruit of the lemon trees, which they balance with the most graceful pose possible, never omitting, as they rapidly descend the rough and seemingly perilous way, to respond to our greeting of "Bellissima giornata" with a smile as sunny as the day itself. The men wear a most picturesque sort of Phrygian cap, the deep crimson of which comes out with a startlingly beautiful effect of colour against the background of grey rock on a mountain path; and the women, without having any exact costume, always adopt, with

the instinctive coquetry of their sex, the colours most becoming to them, bright yellows, deep crimson, or a sort of vivid green, for the handkerchiefs they wear on their bosoms or tie over their rich dark hair. They have almost always lovely eyes, shaded by long black eyelashes, and their voices are as musical as the soft sweet language they speak, which seemed to us to be a sort of mixture of Italian and the old Provençal.

CHAPTER V.

BORDIGHERA.

ON leaving the station at Mentone the line of railway crosses the frontier valley over a bridge some distance below the Pont St. Louis, and then plunges into the short tunnel beneath "Les Rochers Rouges," whilst the Cornice Road (which runs on a level between those two bridges) winds round the rock under the Pont St. Louis, and then mounts with numberless turns—each disclosing a new beauty—till it comes to the little village of Montora, then it descends precipitously towards the sea, running almost parallel with the line of rail through olive woods for some little time, when, just before passing the fort of Ventimiglia, the passengers by rail are again tantalised by being engulfed in a tunnel—a short one, however—and the next moment the station of Ventimiglia appears,

BORDIGHERA.

—about a quarter of an hour after having left that of Mentone. At Ventimiglia there is a tiresome stoppage of an hour to examine the luggage at the custom house. People travelling by the Cornice Road, by carriage, go through this troublesome business at the frontier bridge of St. Louis. Anything more ugly and uncomfortable than the station at Ventimiglia we do not remember to have seen ; there is scarcely room for all the passengers of a crowded train—such as they generally are on all parts of the Riviera—to move about without jostling one another most uncomfortably, and when is added to this the natural irritation of having all one's things turned out and severely mulcted (for the Italian douanier is much less lenient than the same official in France), the stay at Ventimiglia does not leave on anyone a pleasant impression. Ventimiglia is a very ancient city, and the fort—facing the sea, and by its position on the hill dominating the town—has a picturesque effect. No one stays at Ventimiglia, but it is worth a day's visit from Mentone, or, if travellers are fortunate enough to get their luggage examined quickly and do not require to refresh themselves at the buffet after the ordeal, the town may be seen in the remainder of the hour which one is forced to wait before going on to Bordighera. The streets are like so

many flights of stairs, and what would be the principal street of the town is built in a curve and ends on the bridge of the Roya—a noisy little river which falls into the Mediterranean close to the Fort of Ventimiglia. There is, also, a cathedral, which is worth seeing, and which, it is said, was built with the materials from a temple dedicated to the goddess Juno. At Ventimiglia the Italian paper money is accepted, and as there is a very liberal exchange given at all the Italian towns for gold and silver money, we would caution travellers not to part with more of it than they can help until they get it changed into paper, which is the current money throughout Italy. Strangers who do not know this are never enlightened on the subject by the Italians, who, of course, *like* the coin best, as it is *worth* more.

Once more seated in the carriage—after the trying hour at Ventimiglia—everyone is struck by the beauty of the line between it and Bordighera. About a mile and a half from Ventimiglia the lovely valley of the Nerva appears, than which nothing can be more smilingly beautiful; the richest verdure here—vine trellises and stately palms—at the very edge of the Mediterranean, and surrounded by this almost tropical vegetation, Bordighera is before us—one of the most lovely *séjours* along the

Riviera. In front, the blue waters of the Mediterranean, calm and clear as those of a lake; to the right, the long serpentine line of the beautiful Cornice Road, bordered here and there by picturesque villas, surrounded by orange gardens, whilst at intervals a group of stately palms gives an almost oriental character to the scene.

The town of Bordighera is built on a rising part of the ground, and its narrow streets are quaint and picturesque; on the Cornice Road, just outside the town, there are, as at all the stations on the Riviera, innumerable villas, surrounded by gardens, in which the palm reigns supreme over all other vegetation. This tree is at Bordighera quite a source of revenue, and is exported from it to all the other stations along the Riviera. Bordighera has the privilege of sending the palms to Rome for the fêtes. There is no English church at Bordighera (which is a comparatively small station), but there is an Anglican service held at the Villa Rosa Borgo Marina every Sunday, at half-past eleven in the morning and three in the afternoon. There are two very comfortable hotels, the Grand Hôtel de Bordighera, proprietor, Mons. Angst, and the Hôtel et Pension Beau Rivage, kept by Monsieur Guglielmi. Both of these hotels are surrounded by gardens, planted with palms and other exotics, and the

prices for rooms and pension are at both from 9f. to 12f. A lady who stayed some time at the Pension Beau Rivage spoke in very high terms of it, and of the extreme courtesy and kindness of the daughter of the proprietor, who understands English, and is unwearied in her efforts to make English visitors feel that they have every want supplied. We think it well to mention this, as, when persons are travelling with invalids for their health, it is pleasant to know where English comforts are to be had.

The climate of Bordighera struck us as very mild and delicious, and there is a good deal of flat walking to be had there, more, perhaps, than anywhere else along the Riviera; this is a matter, in some illnesses, especially in affections of the heart, of much importance. An invalid may get a whole morning's walk along the Cornice, from Bordighera towards Ventimiglia, without any sensible mounting, and the road about two miles beyond the town is lovely beyond expression. Then there are some pleasant walks to be made inland, along the banks of the beautiful river Nerva towards a romantic little village, called Campo Rosso, surrounded on all sides by mountains, covered with olive trees, and crowned at their summits by groups of fine cypresses and other trees. A

charming expedition may be made from Bordighera to the ruined fortress of Dolce Acqua, about three miles more inland than Campo Rosso; for this it is necessary to hire either donkeys or a carriage, as the route is long and somewhat fatiguing. We would warn our readers, however, to choose fine weather for the expedition, as the roads are atrocious; going last season, after long and continued rainfalls, we found them almost impassable, and in many places we had to get out of the carriage and bribe some of the "gamins" of the place to help our driver to lift the wheels out of the deep ruts into which they had got stuck, whilst we picked our way—ankle deep in mud—along the edges of the deep ravine, in which, far below, ran the river Nerva. Still, despite these difficulties, we do not remember a more enjoyable expedition in the whole course of our six months stay in the Riviera than that to Dolce Acqua. There, along those beautiful banks, nature seems to revel in luxuriance—it is a perfect wealth of foliage, of colour, and of sunlight; long trellises of vines, plantations of fig trees, with here and there groups of graceful oleanders—their crimson flowers lighting up the dense green mass of foliage; sunlit meadows, spangled with the starry flowers of the large white daisy, and watered by myriads of little sparkling

brooks, the soft murmur of which seems to make the exquisite stillness more profound; whilst on the road, from time to time, the figure of a slender and graceful dark-haired girl, bearing on her head a basket of grapes, or figs, or oranges, lights up with living beauty the darkness of the shady olive woods, beneath which the carriage passes on its road to Dolce Acqua.

About three miles after passing through the quaint little narrow street which constitutes the village of Campo Rosso, the town of Dolce Acqua comes in sight. It is on the opposite bank of the Nerva, but a most picturesque one-arched bridge thrown across the river connects it with the road to Bordighera. This bridge leads on to a long and tortuous dark street, which seems almost perpendicular as it nears the ruins of the old château. The courtyard of this ruin is very spacious, and is dominated by a tower, in which there are the marks of the bullets which destroyed it. The walls of this donjon-like tower are massive in the extreme. On the opposite side of the courtyard a long file of arcades leads on to what must have been a splendid banqueting chamber, lighted by three large windows, from which is seen, between a gap of the mountains, the wide expanse of the azure sea. After leaving the château, it is well to return

by a pathway among the hills, down over many a sparkling mountain cascade, to the foot of the wooded hill on the other bank of the Nerva, which may be crossed by the bridge, and so on to the only inn of the place, where the carriage and horses will, of course, have been left. We took *déjeûner* with us in the carriage, but we were afterwards told that at this inn a very good primitive sort of breakfast is served at a low price. Dolce Acqua may be reached from Bordighera by carriage in the afternoon, allowing an hour for strolling about the ruins and the surrounding hills. The charge for the expedition, with a carriage with two horses and four places, should be somewhere about 12f. Donkeys would, of course, come to much less if the party consisted of only four persons. Another charming expedition from Bordighera —only it is a whole day's business—is to Pigna, which lies more inland than Dolce Acqua. Isola Buona, where there are some curious old ruins, may be taken *en route*. The road still lies all along the lovely banks of the Nerva, which it crosses several times over pretty bridges, and before reaching Pigna there is a magnificently bold one-arched bridge. Pigna itself is, perhaps, more quaint than beautiful. Its streets are narrow and sombre, but its church, with a curious pointed steeple, is worth

seeing. Just out of the village there is a pretty cascade, and a little beyond it on the high road there is what is called the Lago di Pigo. Here the waters of the Nerva fall in cascades on the large blocks of granite below, and a romantic little bridge connects the two banks. To make this expedition in comfort it would be necessary to hire a carriage for the whole day, and to start early in the morning.

There are omnibuses from Bordighera to Dolce Acqua and to Ventimiglia, which go every day, but a private carriage is, of course, a far pleasanter mode of making the expedition, and when the party is a large one it comes to much the same thing.

The Villa Moreno at Bordighera is famous for its wonderful growth of palms, and strangers are permitted to enter the gardens and walk beneath the trees by merely asking permission to do so—a permission which is always most courteously accorded.

About a couple of miles out of Bordighera, near a wood of palms, there is a little mineral spring, which is another favourite point for excursions. The road to it is bordered by aloes and palms, and is quite oriental in character.

Chapter VI.

SAN REMO.

VERY soon after leaving the sunlit shores and stately palms of Bordighera, the travellers, by rail, are borne into a tunnel of some length; then, after a momentary glimpse of the sea and the hills, just enough to make them realise the beauties lost by this modern mode of travelling, the sunny landscape is again hidden in another but much shorter tunnel; then at intervals come two more, and after the fourth the pretty little fishing village of Ospedalleti, close down to the shore, appears, whilst at some distance above it, nestling between two hills, there is the hamlet of Colla, its houses all grouped round the little chapel, the slender campanile of which stands out well against the background of olive woods which crown the hills.

Some distance beyond Ospedalleti are the seven hills, crowned with the rich foliage of olive woods, which surround San Remo, and give it an appearance of happy *sheltered* beauty which has a peculiar charm for English people. Still, as we have before mentioned, amongst so many and varied beauties, it is difficult to say which will best suit individual tastes. We only profess to describe what we saw during our seven months stay in the lovely Riviera, and our readers must make their own choice.

The station at San Remo is very like that at Ventimiglia, which, as we have said, leaves much to be desired, but at San Remo there will speedily be a new one erected. The people all along the Riviera are most anxious to meet the wishes of the English (who are their great supporters) on all points, but this feeling seems peculiarly strong in San Remo, where *to be English* seemed to us one great means of getting peculiar attention. We were so delighted with this small place that we stayed here three months, and left it even then with regret.

The old town of San Remo, placed high up on one of the seven hills which embower this lovely little nook, is built in a sort of amphitheatre, and the curious narrow

streets—dark even in the midday of an Italian sun—are of the most picturesque description. The houses are high, and the streets so narrow that the top stories are only a few yards apart; arches being thrown across the street every now and then, to support the walls, also give an extreme picturesqueness to this quaint old-world part of San Remo. The Cornice Road, which crosses below the ancient town we have described, and lies between it and the Mediterranean, forms the principal street of the town, and is called the Via Vittoria Emanuele, and into this all the large modern streets converge. First, the Via Andrea Carli, which leads on to the Promenade du Midi; then the Via Feraldi, and to the right of it the Via Gioberti, full of nice shops, and leading on to the Porte. After these, the Via Cavour, on the left, which leads up to the interesting old town of which we have already spoken. The Via Palazzo, which is close to the Via Cavour, commences by the long façade of the Palazzo Boréa. The entrance to this palace is from the Via Vittoria Emanuele, which is, as we have said, the principal street of the town, and really only a part of the Cornice Road. The interior of this palazzo is divided into long saloons, beautifully furnished and decorated with old pictures. Before the Hôtel de la Bretagne, in the

Via Emanuele, there is a convent, two churches, and a hospital, and after these a series of happy-looking well kept villas, until one comes to the Grand Hôtel de la Mediterranée, of which, as we remained there during the whole three months of our stay at San Remo, we feel we are entitled to speak with some degree of authority.

This Grand Hôtel de la Mediterranée, which is beautifully furnished, is one of the most luxurious in the Riviera. The cuisine is excellent, and the rooms all well furnished and most comfortable. It is not a *cheap* hotel, but for those willing to pay fair average charges it offers all the comforts and even luxuries of a well ordered English household. We had charming rooms, looking over a beautifully kept garden to the Mediterranean, with pension for 12f. a day each person. Rooms looking to the hills, at the back of the hotel—equally pleasant for those who do not want excessive heat—are only, with pension, 11f. a day. We have heard that at the Hôtel Beau Sejour there are pension and lodgment all "inclu" for 9f. a day, and we are bound to admit that a friend who was staying here, on comparing notes, seemed to think that the cuisine and attendance at their hotel were as good as those at ours. Only we would observe that the position of the Hôtel de la Mediterranée

is beyond doubt the better of the two. The Jardins Publiques are at the opposite end of the town it is true, but the most lovely hill-walks and the exquisitely beautiful Cornice Road are both within ten minutes' walk of the Hôtel de la Mediterranée, whilst the Hôtel Beau Sejour is placed in the central part of the town, and much lower than the Hôtel de la Mediterranée. There are, however, many hotels at San Remo. The Hôtel Victoria, quite close to the Hôtel de la Mediterranée, was much recommended to us by our travelling servant, but we never had any reason to regret having exercised our own judgment in this matter by deciding upon the Hôtel de la Mediterraneé. The proprietors, Messieurs Joseph Mazetta and Sons, were always most obliging, and seemed to us to be desirous of making their hotel pleasant and home-like to the English.

The cathedral at San Remo has three naves, and is an interesting piece of architecture; there is also the Church of the Assumption, which stands above the ancient town of San Remo, and is quite worth a visit. Les Jardins Publiques are almost opposite the station, and, after those of Nice and Monte Carlo, are among the most beautiful in all the Riviera—a raised terraced walk, bordered by the graceful foliage of the eucalyptus and the crimson

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berried pepper trees, with a lovely view of the Mediterranean, is one of the beauties of these gardens. The band—a very good one—plays here every Thursday from 3 to 4, when all the "beau monde" of San Remo assemble, and the scene is also rendered gay by the pretty toilettes of the *élégantes* and of the many children who are seen playing and running about in all directions. There is also music on the Sundays from 3 to 4, but as the fashionable world of San Remo is principally composed of English people, the Thursday band is more especially favoured than that which plays on Sundays, when the townspeople and peasantry are free to attend. In the Rue Vittoria Emanuele, just after passing the two palm trees which give a quaint and picturesque beauty to the whole street, one comes upon the Palazzo Roverizio, now used as offices, but its façade makes a fine appearance in the street. At the end of the town, where the Jardins Publiques are situated, there is a very pretty walk, a sort of humble imitation of Les Promenade des Anglaise at Nice, along a raised terrace overlooking the Mediterranean, which ends in an approach to Les Jardin de l'Imperatrice, where the band sometimes plays instead of in Les Jardins Publiques.

At the other end of San Remo there are some lovely

walks among the wooded heights, and also out upon the Cornice Road. Of excursions from San Remo there are no end. One to the village of Colla, high up among the hills, is very pleasant, but, as the way is steep, it is better to do this on the ever useful donkey. At Colla there is a gallery of ancient and modern pictures at the library. The Ecce Homo of Reni, a sea piece by Salvator Rosa, and the three Martyrs by Paul Veronese, are here to be seen.

The village of Poggio, to which one can drive by a lovely mountain road, is a very pleasant expedition. The village itself has nothing interesting beyond the beauty of its isolated position among the olive woods which crown the heights. The Cap Vert is another charming expedition of barely an hour's drive, and from this point there is a most exquisite view of San Remo and the whole coast for miles, and on mounting still higher to the plateau, on which stands the little chapel of La Madonna della Guardia, the view is something to be remembered for life.

A drive to Taggia from San Remo may be made in about an hour, and as the route is for the most part along the Cornice Road, it is a way of seeing the coast which would else be denied to the railway traveller.

About a couple of miles before reaching Taggia the route runs inland, among olive woods, and passes orange gardens, where the golden fruit seems literally to weigh down the trees with its profusion. The little town of Taggia is approached under an archway leading on to the long narrow street, midway in which is the church, open, as all foreign churches are, all day long to any who choose to enter. At the other end of the town is a little shallow river, bordered by drooping trees, having a pleasant quiet look as it takes its way to the Mediterranean, the blue line of which is visible from its banks. Taggia is remarkable as having been the birth place of Signor Ruffini, the author of a novel which had great success in England many years ago—"Dr. Antonio;" the scene of which is principally laid, however, at Bordighera.

There is a theatre at San Remo, where operas are principally done, but sometimes some bright little Italian comedies are given, which are worth seeing. There are many good shops, and above all a very first rate public library, kept by Mme. Rabaudy (who has also the same sort of establishment at Cannes), where can be procured all new French or Italian works one may wish to have. There are, also, several places where the pretty Vallauris

china may be bought quite as cheap as in the place itself, but the specialité at San Remo seemed to us the pretty "objects" in painted olive wood boxes, screens, and fans, from 3f. to 50f.; all charming as presents. Coral, too, is displayed in many of the shop windows, and if one has the courage to object to the first price asked, it is to be had cheaper than elsewhere.

There are some exquisite walks to be made on the hills surrounding San Remo, along little muleteer paths skirting the olive woods, up high into the mountains, from which there is a splendid view of the town of San Remo, lying far below, and of the sea beyond; and the growth of wild flowers in these woods is something quite fairy-like, crimson and purple anemones, violets, jonquils, large pink convolvuluses, and clusters of the white bloom of the flower known in England as the Star of Bethlehem, spring up in rich profusion beneath one's feet at every turn, whilst little cascades from the mountain streams fall with a pleasant murmur among the picturesque bits of grey rocks which border these mountain paths.

There is a very pretty little English church at San Remo, where there is service twice every Sunday, and

also on the feast days. There are two good bankers in the town, and an English consul (Mr. Walter Congreve), who is most courteous and obliging to all the English residents.

ALASSIO.

CHAPTER VII.

ALASSIO.

THE journey from San Remo to Alassio is a long one of nearly five hours, but so beautiful and varied is the route that (despite the many tunnels) it is not wearisome. After leaving the little station, which is at the extreme end of San Remo, the train follows the line of the bay in which this pleasant little haven lies, past villas surrounded by orange gardens and olive woods, and then, almost immediately on leaving the town, enters a tunnel, after which—in extreme contrast to the smiling loveliness of San Remo—the line runs for some time between rugged rocks on the one hand and the wide expanse of the sea on the other, till it enters a second tunnel. Quitting this, there is a momentary glimpse of the village of Ceriano far above on one of the

many wood-crowned heights which seem to surround the landscape, and then the old town of Taggia (which we have already described among the excursions from San Remo) comes in sight. The railway crosses the pretty river on which Taggia stands, and runs, for a short time, through a fertile plain of olive woods and almond trees, the hills (here very picturesque in form) being more in the distance, until San Stefano, a wild and rather desolate looking seaport, is passed; after which there are two long tunnels, and Porte Maurizio appears. Here there is a cathedal to be seen, celebrated for the beautiful and varied colour of its marbles, which have a brilliant effect; its fresco paintings, too, increase this beauty. From the Place de la Cathedrale there is a fine view, not only of Porte Maurizio itself, but of the seaport of Oneglia, which is only about five or six minutes distance from it by rail. Many people break the journey between San Remo and Alassio by stopping a day, sometimes two, at Porte Maurizio, in which case it is perhaps as well to do that part of the route by carriage, and thus see all the beauty of the road, a great part of which is lost to the railway travellers by the many tunnels. We ourselves have always preferred the plan of going direct

from one station to another, and seeing the Cornice Road by taking drives—long days' excursions to the various places right and left and inland—but of course this is a matter of taste.

For those wishing to adopt the plan of staying at Porte Maurizio there is L'Hôtel de France at the entrance of the town, where people are made very comfortable without over-charge. Porte Maurizio is a commercial town, and there are some fine large streets and good shops. There is a theatre, too, where opera is done, and which is rather an elegant building. The cathedral, with its many cupolas and slender steeples, dominates the whole town. Those making a stay at Porte Maurizio should go on to visit the neighbouring seaport of Oneglia, to which there are public carriages starting from the Hôtel de France, the fares being only 20 centimes (2d.) each person.

Oneglia is a pretty town, the approach to which is by an avenue of trees. The Jardins Publiques extend along the banks of the River Impera to the sea. In the principal streets the houses are four stories high, on porticos, between which people walk as along "the rows" at Chester. The port at Oneglia is lively and picturesque, for, as the harbour is deep, large vessels can enter it, and steamers for Nice, Genoa, and Marseilles are to be seen

lying there. The old part of the town is worth a visit, and most people go to see the manufacture of macaroni, which is one of the specialities of Oneglia, and in which the women are chiefly employed.

Soon after leaving the station of Oneglia the train enters another long tunnel under Cape Berta, where the Cornice Road, running between the sea and high rocks, is most lovely. As the train emerges from this tunnel the sister villages of Diano Marino and Diano Castello appear; here, after the darkness of the tunnel, all seems brightness and beauty, a fertile plain of orange groves and olive woods at the base of the mountains, with, to the south, the grand outlines of the Appenines. Then the curious old town of Cervo is passed, which, as it is one of the excursions from Alassio, we will describe more fully by and by; next come two more tunnels, then Andorre, with its romantic old château high up on a mountain, and then the sunny bay, in which lie Laguelia and Alassio—two most primitive little fishing villages, one at each end of the bay, with only a long strip of golden sand and a few orange gardens and olive woods between them, and yet it is Alassio only that will ever become a station for invalids, as Laguelia has no capabilities of expansion. After passing Laguelia the line

runs inland, thus leaving the coast free, which makes the beach so peculiarly delightful at Alassio, and traversing a valley at the base of the richly wooded hill—olives above and gigantic caroub trees below—it stops at the station, which is situated high up, almost on the ramparts of the little town. The descent is highly picturesque, but somewhat alarming to weak nerves, as the roads are, as yet, in a very primitive state.

The town, like most of these small Italian places, consists of little else than one long narrow street, but at intervals there are wide archways through which one has a view of the deep blue sea, and, on the other hand, short narrow streets, giving glimpses of sunny orange gardens and of the smiling hills beyond them. Several mountain streams flow down, crossing the principal street (beneath picturesque little stone bridges) to the sea, and along the banks of these brooks the Italian women kneel chattering and laughing, as they wash and rinse their linen, as though their occupation had been as delightful to themselves as it was to us, who revelled in the effects of colour made by their bright kerchiefs and rich dark hair against the grey stone of the old walls beneath which they knelt. The children, too, hardy little, lithe-limbed, amphibious elves, paddling all day long in the sea, are most delightfully

picturesque; but, above all, the one great superiority which Alassio has over all the other places in Italy is that there are comparatively no beggars. The children sometimes ask one to buy shells or seaweed, but they take a denial without much difficulty, and they never ask for money, as they do at other places along the Riviera—at least, this has been our experience. As the place becomes better known and "Signori Inglesi" more common, the population will perhaps get demoralised in this particular, which would be a pity; in fact, we are not sure that we are doing well in making this delightful little place known, for in its primitiveness, to us at least, lies one of its greatest charms—its situation is another: it stands, as we have said, in a lovely bay between the Capo di Santa Croce and the Capo della Mele, surrounded by high richly-wooded hills, which, advancing far into the sea, completely shelter it from the north and east winds, hence its delicious climate, which makes it so fitted for a winter haven for those who require an equal temperature. The air is not as vivifying as that of Nice, but it is always balmy, and there seemed to us less of that chilling fall of the atmosphere at sunset than at any place along the Riviera. There are three hotels at Alassio: one, the Hôtel de Rome, where we stayed ourselves for more than

two months; the Grand Albergo d'Alassio, and the Hôtel de Londres. At the Hôtel de Rome (proprietress Signora Rossi), we had very nice rooms, facing the sea, with pension, for 9f. a day. If we had taken back rooms, looking to the hills, we might have had them with pension for 8f. a day. The cuisine was not, of course, as good as that at the Hôtel de la Mediterranée at San Remo, but we always had two meat dishes at the second *déjeûner* and four at dinner, besides soup, and generally fish every day. The premier *déjeûner* of tea or coffee, with a roll and butter, was served in the rooms. The waiters were most obliging, and, though they did not speak English, the nephew of the proprietress understood enough to interpret his guests' wishes to the servants. Most of the Italian garçons understand a little French, but in these small out-of-the-way places it is very seldom that anyone speaks English. The peasantry are very civil and obliging, especially when one speaks to them in their own language, which is a sort of Genoese-Italian. The Hôtel de Rome is a little way out of the town, in the most sheltered part of the bay and close to the sea. There is a lovely orange garden belonging to the hotel, to which the guests there have access, and where we were invited to eat as many oranges as we pleased. The

trees were laden with fruit, and beneath them a tangle of wild flowers—purple and crimson anemones, blue borage, golden kingcups, white convolvulus, and scarlet poppies—gave a mass of colour which was almost dazzling in the flood of midday sunshine. This orange garden leads out into a wood, from which, following the course of a little mountain brook (along whose banks ferns and wild flowers droop, fantastically tangled) one gets out upon the hills in all directions. These mountain scrambles are amongst the most pleasant amusements at Alassio. The climbing is not difficult, as terraces are formed in zigzag on the sides of most of the hills, up to a certain point; after these there is a little climbing among the heather, and the summit is reached, from which, of course, there is always a lovely view of the sea and coast, and of the little quiet villages, each clustering round its small chapel, with its slender campanile, lying midway up the hillside. The church of Santa Croce, on the Monte Bignone, is a charming excursion. The path leading to it is a gentle ascent, though a little rough and stony in places. From the Monte Bignone the road leads on to the Colle Torrano, from which there is a lovely view of Casanuova and Bastia. Going on farther, on the same ridge of hill,

one comes to Monte Fontanetta, and, still straight on, in the same direction, the Colle del Arco appears, where there are meadows of short smooth grass, as in England, where the neighbouring hill is covered by a grove of stately chestnut trees and oaks. After this there is only the Poggio delle Rastre to mount, then the Monte della Madonna della Guardia comes in sight, and from this point one has the finest view of Alassio and its surroundings. Opposite to Alassio there is the little island of Gallinara, whereon an eccentric Italian has built himself a villa, which looks well in the distance but must be a dreary abode in reality, as the island seems quite devoid of trees, and does not appear to have any other habitation upon it but that of this Italian Robinson Crusoe.

There is a little English colony at Alassio of some three or four families, living in charming villas, the gardens around which are quite beautiful, and the Consul of San Remo, Mr. Congreve, finding the climate agreed better with him than that of San Remo, has taken a villa at Alassio, where he comes every evening after his duties at San Remo. He has established a bank in the town, where, on two days in the week, he cashes English cheques, and in many other ways he is most courteous to English residents at Alassio.

The excursions from Alassio are many in number. A very pleasant one is to the ruins of an old monastery and chapel on one of the heights, the road to which lies up a muleteers' path at the back of Laguelia. This is too long and too fatiguing an expedition for any but a very good walker, and as the road is not a carriage way, the ever useful donkey is the only available means of getting to this lovely spot. There are only, at present, three donkeys to be hired at Alassio, and these must be engaged the day before. The charge for the day, with one driver to conduct the expedition, is 5f. a mount. The road lies through a most lovely mountain pass, difficult at places even for the donkeys to keep their footing, and then upwards among the hills to the beautiful ruin, from which one has a lovely view of Andorre and the surrounding valley. It is possible, if the whole party are mounted, to come home by the longer but equally lovely route along the Cornice Road, but if any of the party are walkers this is too far, although the donkeys do it with ease in the day. It is necessary to start by ten in the morning, and then, returning by the Cornice Road and remaining an hour or rather more in the ruins to eat the *dèjeûner* and rest the steeds, one gets back to the hotel just in time for table d'hôte at six.

Another most interesting expedition is to the old town of Cervo, which we have already mentioned, *en route* to Alassio. This quaint old fortified town is approached by the Cornice Road; it is a long but very beautiful drive beside the coast, and it is necessary to have a pair of horses to do the distance; the charge is 20f., but then four people can occupy the carriage.

Cervo is an old fortified town, planted on a hill; its streets are outdoor staircases, and it is a regular climb before one reaches the citadel at the top. The castle itself no longer exists as a castle, though there is a narrow tortuous street, called the Via di Castello, which leads up to the battlemented heights, where an old church is the dominant building, and near it are the ruins of an old monastery. Some little Italian peasants were playing merrily in the shadow of the old walls, and a handsome young mother was sitting on the wall of the ramparts, singing to her bambino—a fine dark-eyed boy of eight or nine months—but beyond these we saw no signs of life. A quiet almost dead old-world place seemed this Cervo, though surrounded with orange gardens and bathed in sunlight; and after a little talk with the young mother, we descended the many-staired streets to our carriage, which was awaiting us on the Cornice Road at

the entrance of the town far below. Albenga, an excursion the other side of Alassio, still on the Cornice Road, is a place of much the same character, only, instead of being placed on a hill, it lies in a fertile plain, and a broad and beautiful river flows beside it. The church at Albenga seemed to us much like all other Italian churches; but the Baptistry was curious and well worth seeing, and there is an old Roman bridge a little way out of the town, which should be seen. The expedition can be made in an afternoon, and the charge for a carriage and two horses, waiting an hour at Albenga, is 15f.

There are a few villas at Alassio to let, but our advice always is to go to the hotels, for it is difficult to get proper attendance at the villas. Wine is cheap at Alassio —that is, the vin du pays, which is a sort of rough claret, very good when one gets accustomed to a certain *gout du terrain*, which at first is unpleasant, but which one learns to tolerate. Milk, eggs, butter, poultry, and lemons are cheap.

As Alassio is as yet in its infancy as a *ville de saison*, there is no English church, but there is a chaplain, who, with his wife, lives at the Hôtel de Rome, where a room has been set apart for the Church services on Sundays.

There are also week-day services, and at all the Church festivals are observed.

There is an English physician (Dr. Dickinson), who (with his wife and a family of accomplished daughters), occupies one of the many pretty villas on the hills behind the town. There is also another resident practitioner (Dr. Schneer), who seems to have made the various illnesses of the lungs his special study, and both he and Dr. Dickinson have a high opinion of the climate and temperature of Alassio—of its beauty there can be no doubt.

CHAPTER VIII.

PEGLI.

THE journey from Alassio to Pegli should undoubtedly be made by carriage, at any rate as far as Savona (which is about midway on the route), not only because there are so many tunnels on the line of rail at this part of the coast, but also because these two places are too far apart to admit of the points of interest which lie between being afterwards visited as excursions from Pegli. We were offered at Alassio a carriage with two horses, capable of taking our party of three, and all the luggage, for 39f., but this was considerably below the usual charge, as the driver (whom we had constantly employed at Alassio) made us the offer, as a last demonstration of his gratitude for our patronage during our nine weeks' stay at his town. He was, it appeared,

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engaged to meet a party of four persons from Genoa who wished to drive from Savona to Alassio. This sort of thing is often to be arranged, but the ordinary charge from Alassio to Savona, with a large carriage capable of taking four persons and luggage (thus necessitating a pair of horses), would be about 45f. or 50f.; but it is quite worth the additional expense, as the Cornice Road from Alassio to Savona, is not only singularly beautiful but full of interest.

The carriage route from Alassio, after passing through the quaint old town, follows the curves of the coast, rounding the Capo di Santa Croce (which the railway passes beneath a tunnel), and then mounts, in the most picturesque manner possible, but though the road lies on a terrace high above the sea, it is yet so close to it that one smells the aroma of the seaweed on the rocks far below. Then it descends as suddenly into the fertile valley in which Albenga (which we have already described among the excursions from Alassio) is placed. After this the road lies for a short time rather more inland, between avenues of trees, past the Roman bridge of which we have already spoken), and onwards—still between shady avenues, beneath which are blossoming aloes—towards the pleasant and smiling gardens which

surround the curious old town of Ceriale. It is quite worth while to stop here and bait the horses whilst Ceriale is visited. A quaint and very interesting old town, standing amidst a vast plain of almond and orange groves, with here and there charming little villas, surrounded (as we saw it at springtide) by orchards of blossoming fruit trees and by quaint old manor houses, grouped together in the most picturesque fashion possible. A long stretch of golden sand makes the beach lovely, and gives to Ceriale something of the position of a "ville de bains de mer" for the Italian population of Milan who come here, during the summer months, for the sea bathing, as they do at Alassio. After leaving Ceriale, the railway is again hidden beneath a tunnel, whilst the travellers by the road have an exquisite view of the coast till Loano appears—one of the most remarkable places in this part of the Riviera. The mountains which form its background are of the most deliciously delicate tint, and three great piles of buildings nestle beneath them midway, the Castello Doria, the Church of San Agostino, and the Monte Carmello, a church founded by the lords of the neighbouring castello in honour of the Virgin of Mount Carmel. It is quite worth while for those who can afford the time to stop for a day at Loano, to follow

the torrent upwards from the bridge and to mount to the terrace of the Carmelite Church, for from it there is a view which is not easily forgotten. Across the deep azure of the tranquil waters of the bay the white houses of several villages are visible, nestling among the darkly wooded hills; below—bathed in sunlight, and amidst a smiling plain of vine trellices and orange gardens—lies Loano, whilst, beyond it, the bold outline of the Capo della Mele at Alassio rears itself grandly in the distance.

Between the terrace of the Carmelite Church and the Castello Doria there is a deep ravine, which is perfectly wonderful in its rich fertility—peach trees, figs, vines, and olives form a mass of foliage and blossom most lovely to look upon.

The climb of the higher hill to the Castello Doria hardly, perhaps, repays the trouble, except that the many arched hill village is quaintly picturesque, but the view from the higher terrace is much the same as that we have just described, and the climbing is most fatiguing.

On leaving Loano the mountains seem to retire till Pietra Ligure appears, which, lying in its sheltered bay in floods of sunlight, amongst its orange groves, has a look of smiling happiness which is not readily forgotten;

still, there is nothing worth dismounting to see. After leaving this pleasant little haven, the road mounts precipitously to the Capo di Cappra Zoppa (the cape of the lame goat), where again the unfortunate railway passengers pass through a long tunnel, and then the pretty town of Final Marina appears, with its pleasant beach of sand and its picturesque looking villas. The railway, both before and after Final Marina, is hidden beneath tunnels, whilst the carriage road shows new beauties at every turn, until, after a precipitous descent, Noli appears. Here there is a cathedral, which it is quite worth while getting out of the carriage to visit. But after leaving Noli there is nothing sufficiently remarkable to induce one to leave the carriage till Savona is reached; here the travellers would do well to spend an hour, or even more, before going on by train to Pegli. Some people stay the night at Savona, and thus have plenty of time to see the town, which, if Alassio is left early in the morning, should be reached about one. If, however, the travellers wish to go on the same day to Pegli, the carriage may be dismissed, after depositing the luggage at the station, ready to go on by the afternoon train, and an hour or more may be given to seeing the town, which is most curious and interesting. The

churches at Savona are full of beautiful pictures by the old masters; the ancient palaces, too, are quite worth seeing; and at a short distance from the town there is the sanctuary of Nostro Signore di Misericordia, where there is an exquisite Madonna and child to be seen. As Savona is, commercially speaking, the town of most importance between Nice and Genoa, it is, of course, of considerable size, and the new parts (the least interesting to us) contain fine shops, large hotels, well-to-do looking houses, and many restaurants, so that if the travellers wished to remain the night, going on to Pegli the next day, they would find excellent accommodation, and not, we were told, at all high charges, at Savona. But it seemed to us that a couple of hours, well planned out, were quite sufficient to see all worth notice at Savona, and, dining at one, the travellers could get back in time to the station to reclaim the luggage, and go on by the afternoon train to Pegli, which is about two hours and three-quarters' run from Savona, during which there are, however, no less than thirty-three tunnels. A carriage from Savona to Pegli would be only, say, a little less than from Alassio to Savona, but it is, we think, well worth the extra expense, for the line from Savona to Pegli is, as we have shown, full of

tunnels, whilst the Cornice Road from Savona to Pegli is perfectly lovely.

The first station after Savona is Abissola, a place which, in its green fertility, reminds one of some pleasant nooks in dear Old England. Here we saw apples, pear trees, and cherries in as full blossoms among the orchards as in any homestead in Surrey. Here there are in the church of La Madonna della Concordia some charming frescoes, by Ansceldo. Of course, the travellers by train cannot stop to visit Abissola, but those taking our advice and doing the route by carriage should spend at least half an hour here. After passing the little town of Celle (which has a pretty beach), the Cornice Road climbs a high promontory, and then reaches Varazza, which is only a commercial place, and is not worth seeing. After Varazza, Cogoleto (the birthplace of Christopher Columbus), where one is shown the house where he was born, appears. Then comes Arenzana, a perfect fairyland of flowers and verdure, and after an hour's drive, Voltri, another large commercial town, appears. Voltri is built on the banks of the river Cerusa, and, surrounded by its luxuriant vegetation, with its marble terraces and its cascades and grottoes, it seems a lovely spot; but still there is nothing of special artistic interest needing any

length of stay here. From Voltri to Pegli is one long avenue of verdure, of several miles in extent. Pegli, that exquisitely beautiful gem of the Riviera, has a station quite worthy of its own loveliness. The long flight of marble steps, bordered by flowering exotics, leading up to the station, presents a most attractive appearance, and a stay of a few weeks at Pegli is a delightful rest before going on to Genoa. The Grand Hotel, kept by Messieurs Landry et Girard, is very well conducted, and has more than one hundred rooms, so that, coming at all times, travellers find accommodation. The price for pension ranges from 12f. to 15f. a day, according to the bed rooms chosen. There is a beautifully kept garden belonging to the hotel, and there are large and comfortably furnished public drawing and dining rooms. The cuisine is excellent, and the wines, though somewhat dear, are good. Everything is well directed, and with a view of consulting the English tastes and habits. The walks and excursions around Pegli are lovely in the extreme. That to Pier d'Arena, a ville de bains de mer, nearer Genoa than Pegli, is a very pleasant one. There is an omnibus, in which the fare for one person is 40 centimes (4d.). There are also omnibuses to Genoa, in which the fare is only 60 centimes, and

these omnibuses run continually during the day. Sestri Poneste is another pleasant morning's excursion. The extreme luxuriance and verdure of the well-kept gardens in this little place remind one of those at Nice and Cannes, and there are myriads of pretty pathways on the green hills which surround the town, where there are to be found many pleasant nooks for eating the *déjeûner*, which is generally brought out from the hotel at Pegli on these occasions. Life at Pegli is simple rather than gay, but many friendships are formed during these little suddenly-improvised picnics, and although Pegli cannot boast of the *entrain* of Nice and Monaco, there is a sort of gentle gaiety in the society which is, perhaps, better suited to invalids than the almost feverish excitement of life at the two places we have mentioned.

A morning may be pleasantly spent at Cornigliano, which is a little sea-bathing place between Pegli and Genoa, where there is a charming beach, and some lovely walks inland through woods abounding in wild flowers and green lizards, lovely little things, almost as bright and beautiful, we thought, as the flowers themselves. The gardens of the Pallavicini at Pegli are, however, the principal attraction of the place. Fountains, lakes, flowers, statues, exotics, blooming in tropical luxuriance

close to the margin of the lake—every beauty one can conceive is here. The tickets of admission to these gardens can be had at the bureau of the Grand Hotel de Pegli, but a slight gratuity is always expected by the gardener who shows the place.

CHAPTER IX.

GENOA.

AFTER leaving Pegli the route to Genoa reminds one of the environs of Cannes and Nice. There is the same quantity of well-to-do villas, surrounded by beautiful gardens, and the same happy, sunshiny, smiling loveliness. Just before Genoa is reached, the little sea bathing place of Cornigliano (which we have already described as an excursion from Pegli) comes in sight. The beach here is of that firm golden sand which is so prized by bathers and walkers; but the children at Cornigliano seemed to us to be more vociferous and tiresome in their clamours for "soldi" than in any other place along the Riviera, which is saying a great deal, for in many places we found this begging a perfect pest. These little ragamuffins fling bouquets of violets into the carriage as one drives

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by, and if "soldi" are not thrown out in return, a shower of stones is discharged at the retreating carriage, which is anything but agreeable. The little peasants at Cornigliano neither offer flowers nor throw stones, but they beg with a vociferation and pertinacity that is most worrying. The line of railway runs along above the sands on this spot, and the passengers throw out money for the pleasure of seeing the children scramble for it, and, each time we passed the place, we noticed a whole band of little beggars awaiting, in eager expectation, the arrival of the trains. At some little distance from Cornigliano, and so close to Genoa as to be almost a suburb of the town, is the seaport of San Pier d' Arena—a busy place, with some wide large streets, fine hotels, and numberless restaurants—and after it Genoa—that city of palaces—superbly enthroned in its beautiful bay—is before us—a mass of houses, terraced gardens, narrow streets, with blossoming bits of verdure on quaint balconies lighting up the old walls, bridges thrown high across roadways, beautiful churches and stately palaces, all massed together in the most picturesque manner possible, with the blue waters of the Mediterranean as a background. In the new quarters of the town—the Via di Roma, for instance—the streets are wide and straight,

with tall white stone houses, and have a certain well-to-do stateliness, but the delightful picturesqueness of the old town made us look upon these modern improvements as a blot rather than a beauty; still, this is not the general view, and the Genoese themselves are very proud of this same Via di Roma, which is full of beautiful shops, and has an enormous bazaar in it—a sort of lounge—and where the *étalage* of pretty things, at a very moderate price, tempts one into providing presents for all one's acquaintance.

The Hôtel Isotta, recently built, is in the Via di Roma, in what is called the best, because the highest and most airy, part of Genoa. It is a big modern hotel, full of every sort of luxury, and, therefore, most patronised by the English, and is very much like one of the good hotels in Paris. The proprietor, however, declines to make arrangements for receiving people *en pension*, during the season, that is, after April; out of the season he condescends to do so, and then the terms for pension with the premier *déjeûner* of tea or coffee and a roll and butter, the second *déjeûner* of two dishes of meat, vegetables, and fruit, and an excellent table d'hôte dinner at half-past six, would be, if the rooms chosen are very high up, 12f. a day. During the season the same

accommodation would come to about 16f. a day each person. The cuisine is excellent, but we were told that the hotel is somewhat noisy, as all these modern monster places are. Finding the terms so high, we went to a very long established hotel (formerly one of the old palaces), kept by Signor Botarchi—the Hôtel d'Italia, which, though its entrance is in a narrow street, has its façade towards the marble terrace overlooking the bay, so that almost all the bedrooms have a good aspect. Here we had very nice rooms (on the fifth story), with pension much the same as that at the Hôtel Isotta, for 12f. a day in the height of the season, "service" being included. The cuisine here is excellent, the waiters very attentive, and the wines fairly cheap, in great variety, and good. There was no attempt at overcharge in any one particular during the whole of our fortnight's stay. There is a large well furnished public drawing room, in which there are several English papers, and quite a library of books of reference, and guides to different parts of Genoa. Some of the bedrooms, on the drawing-room floor, are really what one might expect to find in an old Italian palace, but for these the charge is, of course, with pension, much higher, and the disagreeableness of mounting so many stairs once got over, the higher the rooms

are the more removed one is from the noise and traffic of the railway, which runs far below between the little hotel garden and the marble terrace which overlooks the bay. There is another hotel—the Hôtel Schmit—which was strongly recommended to us by people who had stayed there twice, and here the charge for pension is only 9f. a day, inclusive of all but wine. We heard, however, that as this is so near the station, the arrivals and departures of all the trains are distinctly heard through the night, and this defect we thought quite overpowered the advantage of its cheapness; still, where economy is a great object, it is as well to know where good beds, good food, and comfortable attendance may be had quite near the station.

At the upper end of the Via di Roma, and quite close to the Hôtel Isotta, are very fine public gardens, with a broad terraced walk of some extent, bordered by beautiful trees; and, not five minutes' walk from these gardens, there are the Zoological Gardens of Genoa, very prettily laid out, where there is a good collection of animals and, above all, of birds.

On leaving the station one comes immediately upon the Piazza Cristoforo Colombo, where there is a striking statue of the navigator between two fountains. On the

base, which supports the statue, there are inscriptions to Cristoforo Colombo and to La Patria. The four statues —representing Science, Religion, Wisdom, and Force— placed at the four corners of the pedestal, are artistically rendered.

Opposite the statue is the Via Balbi, which, after the Piazza dell' Annunziata, loses its name, and becomes La Via Nuova, and it is in these two streets that the palaces are situated.

The Palazzo Reale, in the Via Balbi, a fine building of the sixteenth century, formerly belonged to the family Durazzo, but was ceded by them to the House of Savoy, hence its name, the Royal Palace. Here there are a fine marble staircase, some beautiful frescoes, statues, bas reliefs, and a rich collection of pictures. There is a servant always in attendance at all these palaces, who acts as cicerone, and explains the pictures, &c. To this person it is usual to give a fee of about a franc for each person; but, if the party is a very large one, of about six or seven people, a 5f. piece would be enough to give on leaving.

The Palais de l'Université, also in the Via Balbi, is remarkable for the marble lions and stately columns of the grand staircase. The Palazzo Balbi, close to

these, has a magnificent gallery of pictures of the old masters. The Palazzo Durazzo—also in the Via Balbi—possesses statues, bas reliefs, and a very fine collection of pictures.

In the Via Nuova there is the splendid Palazzo Rosso —so called from the deep red colour of its façade. Here there is a fine museum, and three beautiful reception rooms, called by the names of the summer, the autumn, and the winter saloons, all hung with fine pictures. This palace belongs to the town of Genoa, and visitors are admitted to it, gratis, on Mondays and Thursdays, from ten to three. The Via Nuova contains a long pile of palaces on each side of it. A little further on there is the Palazzo Adorno, which contains a superb collection of pictures by Titian, Corregio, and Guercino, besides some very beautiful bas reliefs by Benvenuto Cellini.

In the Via Nuova there is also the Palazzo Doria, here there are some fine portraits and other valuable pictures; and the Palazzo Cambiaso, celebrated for its frescoes.

The Palazzo Pallovicini, which is the town residence of the same family, who own the lovely palace and gardens at Pegli, is in the Piazza della Fontana Amorosa; and here also are some fine frescoes and statues of great value, besides a gallery of pictures.

The palaces themselves, apart from the art treasures they contain, are all exquisitely beautiful, with their stately marble staircases and long suites of spacious rooms, through which one is conducted by what appears to be a servant of the family; and after a long morning spent among the palaces, one returns dazzled, and almost satiated, with beauty. Marble, porphyry, alabaster, basalt, gilded ceilings, frescoes, columns of all characters —Ionic, Doric, Corinthian—seem to stand before one as in a confused, but very pleasant dream.

It is well, perhaps, after a day among the palaces, before visiting the churches, to devote the next day to driving out of Genoa to the Campo Santo—the Père la Chaise of Genoa. The drive to it is a pleasant one; for the green hills which surround Genoa are very lovely. Still we must confess to having been but slightly moved to admiration in the Campo Santo. It seemed to us that the mass of monuments—some of them artistically beautiful—rather spoiled the effect one of another, and the long marble galleries, filled with these melancholy subjects, had upon us, despite the warm sunshine, a very chilling effect, and the strongest impression made upon us by the Campo Santo was that it was a place to which one should go provided with warm wraps.

The next day's occupation—visiting the churches—was far pleasanter and more interesting, though here, too, the necessity for warm wraps applies. The outside air of Italy is so warm and genial that the sudden chill which is apt to strike persons on entering these marble buildings, should be provided against. If people would take this precaution, most of the colds, which get exaggerated into malaria fever, would be avoided. The cathedral at Genoa is a gothic building of the eleventh century, and in it the little chapel of San Giovanni is said to contain in the tomb the ashes of the saint. The six marble statues in bas relief in this chapel are remarkable. The church of L'Annunziata, in the Piazza Annunziata, is most gorgeous as to colour, being the most highly decorated church in Genoa. The church itself is in the form of a cross, with three naves supported by twelve columns, all in coloured marble.

San Matteo, a church founded by the Doria family, preserves in the crypt, where there is a tomb of the Prince Andrea Doria, the sword sent by the Pope Paul III. to that nobleman.

In the church of San Stefano, near the Piazza Acquasola, there is a fine picture of the martyrdom of St Stephen, by Giulio Romano.

The church of Santa Maria di Carignano, on the Piazza Carignano, is remarkable for its statues of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Sebastian, by the sculptor Puget; also for a curious and very fine crucifix, in bronze. From the top of the cupola of this church there is a magnificent view of Genoa and the surrounding hills. Just beneath the church the noble bridge of the Carignano spans the two heights, and from it there is also a fine view of the old part of Genoa on the one side, and of the port and bay on the other.

At the end of the Via Nuova is the Piazza Tontana Amorosa, and from this there is a narrow ladder-like street, called La Salita di Santa Caterina, which leads up to La Spianata dell' Acqua Sole, a beautiful garden, where there is music two days in the week.

The large theatre of Carlo Felice has a fine portico, supported by six massive columns; the interior is brilliant in the extreme; here they give operas and ballets.

There is a little theatre in the Via Balbi, called the Teatro Reale, belonging to the royal family, which is sometimes, but very rarely, open to the public. The Teatro Nazionale is a large place, where tragedies, dramas, and sometimes comedies are played. There are two or three smaller theatres, where opera is given.

The port at Genoa is very picturesque, of a semi-circular form, and always full of shipping; on the Cap San Benigno, at the farthest end, is the Lanterna—the light-house—from which there is a splendid view. It is, however, necessary to fee the guardian before one is allowed to mount. A beautiful wide terrace of white marble extends for some length, overlooking the port and the bay; this is quite the promenade of Genoa, and is always dry, bright, and sunny. A long flight of steps near the railway leads up to it.

English service at Genoa is held at eleven on Sundays, in the Via Assarotti, at the house of the clergyman. There is also the service of the Presbyterian Church, held at the house of the minister, 60, Piazza Manin, at eleven o'clock on Sundays.

The women of Genoa wear a white embroidered veil—"il pezoto"—which covers their dark hair and floats over their shoulders, and is held back on each side of the head by two large gold or silver pins. This head dress is particularly becoming to their grandiose style of beauty. The Genoese are grave rather than gay in manner, with something of the stately courtesy of the Spaniard. They are supposed to be keen in business, and the bank, which is the rendezvous of the commercial world, is always well

attended; but affairs are transacted in a low voice, and with a quiet manner, very different from that of the frequenters of the same place at Paris. Although keen in business, the Genoese are remarkably straightforward, and it is, we are told, rare that a Genoese seeks to escape from any conditions, however irksome, to which he has once given his assent. We found them one and all, hotel keepers, tradespeople, and even the very poor, most courteous and pleasant to deal with—never an attempt at overcharging of any sort; even the drivers asked the proper tariff, and always seemed quite contented with the "buona mano" (as the something for themselves is called), whatever it might have been we offered.

Some people "do" Genoa in three days, but we cannot understand how they can manage to see one-half of its many beauties in that time. A month is not too much, but it may be done with ease and comfort, by planning out one's days, in a fortnight.

From Genoa, which (if our travellers left England in November, and moved slowly along the Riviera, remaining three weeks or a month at each of the stations would be reached about the middle of May—there are two ways of returning to England; one by taking the

steamer from Genoa to Nice, and then the rail by the same route by which they came, to Paris, or they might vary their homeward route altogether, as we ourselves did, by returning *viâ* Turin, passing the Mont Cenis tunnel, and through all the lovely scenery which follows till Aix les Bains, where they would do well to stop the night, and even the whole of another day if they were not pressed for time.

The rest of the journey lies through France, and for miles along the river, past pretty quiet-looking villages, with here and there a fine old church or quaint chateau, till they reach Macon, where they would do well to stay the night at the Hôtel de l'Europe. Here they will find comfortable accommodation, and, of course, excellent wine, at a moderate price; the hostess of the hotel has a vineyard of her own, and prides herself on the quality of her wines. Another day's journey will bring the travellers, with comfort, to Fontainebleau, where three or four days' stay, to see the palace at Fontainebleau—so full of souvenirs of all the Napoleons, and of still more ancient and interesting memories of the legitimate kings of France—will be time well spent. The Hôtel de Lille is a comfortable one, and nearer the forest than many of the others.

The journey from Fontainebleau to Paris is so short that, leaving about 10, one reaches Paris in time to shop, and do a great deal before dinner, so that it is quite easy to start away, the next morning, by an early train to Boulogne, to meet the Folkestone boat, and thus get home again in the early days of "leafy June," to enjoy the short but delicious summer of

That little isle set in the silver sea—

our own beautiful England.

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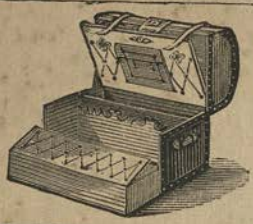

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